

The Evening World.

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THE SWINDLING OF IMMIGRANTS.

REVELATIONS made in the report of the State Bureau of Industries and Immigration expose a condition of affairs about as bad as any brought to light either in police scandals or on our hospitable shores is subject to a thousand forms of swindling, ranging from petty overcharges by hotels and lodging houses to robbery and extortion. The variety of the rascalities is interestingly increased by the discovery of justices of the peace in some localities fining immigrants for imaginary offenses and pocketing the money.

The State Bureau has done much to protect the unwary and punish the rascals, but finds itself thwarted often by the fact that either the immigrant or the swindler has left the State. The subject, in fact, is one that should be dealt with by the Federal Government. It is well enough to have a mighty Statue of Liberty at the gate of the Republic, but there should be some display of Justice and Law within the door.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR STREET CLEANING.

CONCERNING the task of cleaning up the city in such way as to leave it clean when done, Commissioner Lederle of the Department of Health says: "If private societies will co-operate in educating the people and the people in turn will co-operate, we can accomplish this whole clean-up in one month; if we have to resort to executive orders, it will take a year."

On that showing there should be co-operation, prompt, pressing and persevering. But it must be also reasonable and judicious. It is not a mere matter of getting house owners or janitors to clean out their arseways and throw the stuff in the streets. Nor will it be of any great advantage to clean the streets themselves if residents begin to throw all sorts of stuff on them as soon as the cleaners have passed on.

In short, there must be a campaign of education before the cleaning begins. That is the task now to be undertaken. This is where every earnest man or woman can be of use. They can talk the subject into the ear of the dull neighbor until he wakes up and takes an interest in it.

WHAT TROUBLE US MOST.

DR. GEORGE L. WALTON, described as "an eminent neurologist," lecturing before the Harvard Medical School, said the present generation of Americans are less emotional than those of fifty years ago. On the other hand, Dr. M. G. Schlapp of Cornell, described as a "neuropathologist," addressing the conference on Mental Hygiene at Philadelphia, lamented "the growing number of the insane, both men and women, and with them the growing number of criminals in every country in the world."

Believing we are less nervous than our fathers, Dr. Walton says we are still too much given to argument, fretting and swearing. He says we should work harder and go home "tired and happy." Dr. Schlapp says we work too much, at least women do. "This is the destructive force," said he, "that is filling our asylums and jails, killing one-third of the babies born in the first year of their lives. I can demonstrate that these physical disturbances are due entirely to industrialism."

Whether these differences of scientific vision are due to natural contrarieties between neurologists and neuropathologists, or between Harvard and Cornell, must be left to the initiated to decide. But if both should be right, we confront a crisis.

A MORALS COURT FOR VICE CASES.

OUT of the popular interest aroused by the vice inquiries in Chicago there has come a proposal to establish a "Morals Court." It might have been expected. Every movement among us tends to reform, for we are a generation of reformers finding in every new reform something as propitious to our bodies as to our souls; but sooner or later each of these movements is turned away into the great highroad that leads to more legislation, the creation of more institutions and the establishment of more offices.

Multitudinous and multifarious were the testimonies given before the vice-inquiry committee, and the counsels and advice were even as the testimonies; but nobody suggested a Morals Court. Some wished better wages; some, better homes; some, better men; some, better laws; some, better social customs; a few, better girls; but no one intimated a need of either a better court or another court. Yet it is a court we are likely to get.

The conclusion appears inevitable. In the effort to throw the blame for vice on the employers of girls at cheap wages, the employers have been forced in self-defense to insist that more girls are ruined in domestic service than in factories, and more highly paid women go astray than poor ones in proportion to numbers employed. Business, in fact, has been roused to defend itself. It will insist upon compromise at least. A Court of Morals will satisfy nobody, but it will postpone the issue.

Letters From the People

Yes, No Papers Needed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was born on April 7, 1888, in New York. My friends say that as my father was not a citizen I must take out citizen papers. I say I need no papers and am a United States citizen. Am I right?
MAX M.

Tuesday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did Feb. 2, 1867, fall?

G. W. B.

"Acropolis" Schoolboy Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think the high school boy who threw the paper aeroplane into the street deserves worse punishment than he got. A boy in high school, on the threshold of manhood, should have civic pride enough not to throw papers into the street. He should appreciate his good fortune in being able to do so.

E. CRAIG.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

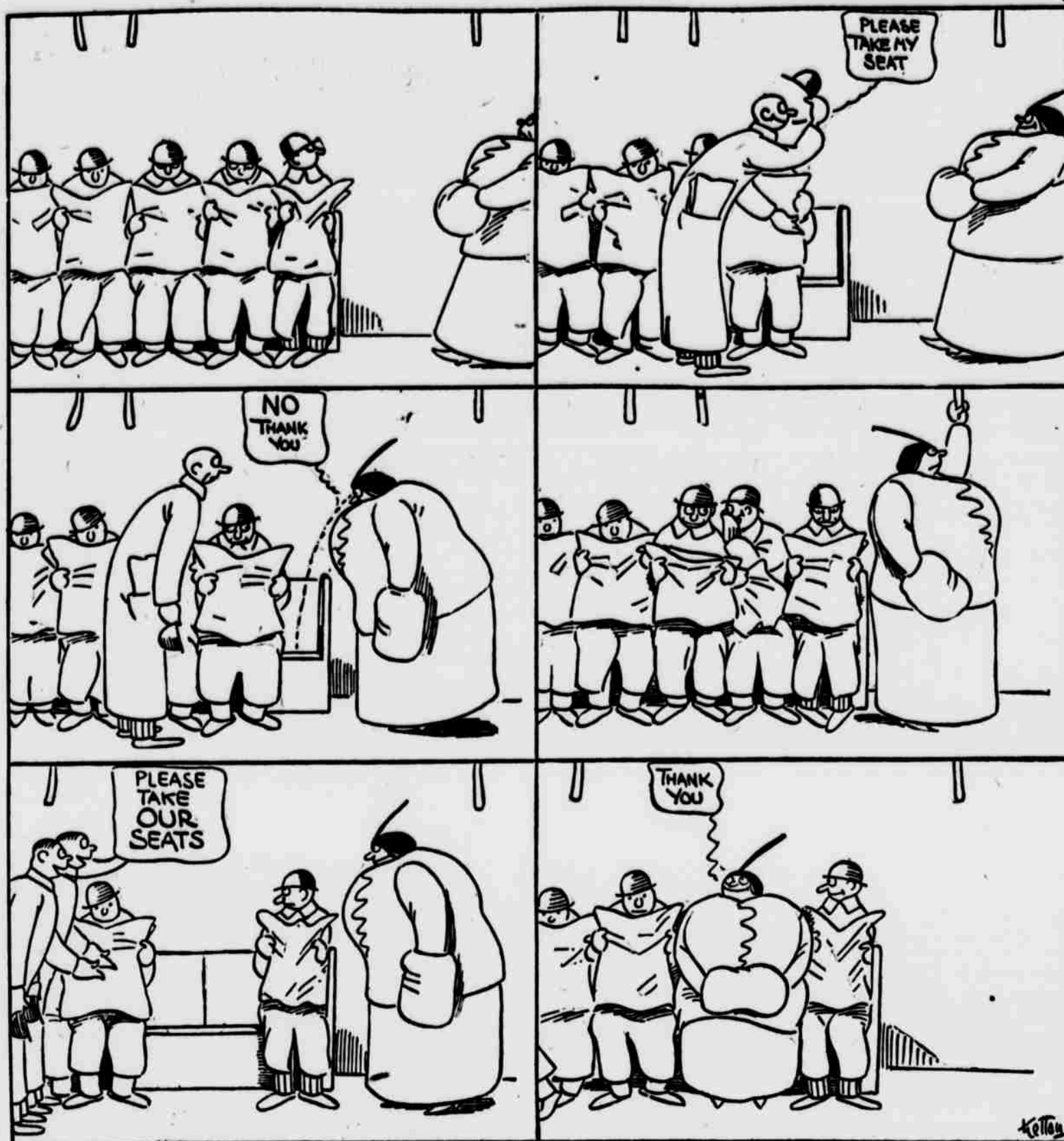
My husband and myself, and to my knowledge many other Evening World readers—were disappointed over the ending of the "Turn of the Ages" serial. The author should take up the unhappy results as the left them in the last chapter, carry them into the public's country and give to the public a "sequel" that would satisfy it. He gave us "Tarzan" uninvited. Now he ought to give to the public another thrill with a civilized "Tarzan."

E. M. H.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family



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YOU have no objections to the lady before instructed in the dance, the one-step or the horse trot?" asked an affable man, pausing in front of the table where Mr. and Mrs. Jarr were observing the gentle pastimes of the cabaret performers.

"This," continued the speaker, who was evidently the floor manager, "is 'The Great Plantagenet'."

He tapped the shoulder of Jarr's old acquaintance, Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, as he spoke.

Now, both Mr. and Mrs. Jarr had too much tact to say that "The Great Plantagenet" was the husbandette of Mrs. Gratch-Dinkston, the subterfuge, but as Mrs. Jarr said later:

"I was struck all of a heap."

"The Great Plantagenet," continued the manager, "has been engaged by us at enormous cost. Millionaires' wives give him one hundred dollars an hour for ten-minute lessons in the turkey trot. But here he instructs our lady patron, one of the chaperons. The Great Plantagenet comes to us direct from the Police Bergeries, in Paris."

"I will only injure myself if I take notice of despicable enemies."

Once upon a time there was a woman. The woman liked to talk—ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE. In truth, she lived on talk.

Just when her neighbor was busy some Thursday morning she would fly in and buzz a little while about all sorts of things. And then, by and by, she would send forth a sting. She would tell about seeing a neighbor's husband downtown talking "very attentively" to "another woman." Horrors!

And she would feel bad about "the poor little thing" (the wife). So, then the maid next door was discharged, and she said so and so—and thus. Awful things. No matter how lightly she was waved off, she would come back again and make herself felt in spite of all.

Now, it happened that a young woman

Mr. Dinkston bowed and smirked as was known here, "The Great Plantagenet" guided her.

That gentleman returned her to her seat when the music ceased, bowed and then departed at the snapping finger call of the manager, who wished "The Great Plantagenet" to instruct a middle-aged lady from Williamsburg who, as she explained, had dropped in to get a free lesson.

"For," she added, "one might as well be in the cemetery as out of the fashion."

"Really," said Mrs. Jarr, "I danced with proper repression these dances are no worse than the waltz or the two-step. I suppose the same outcry was made against those dances when they first came out! Isn't it queer, but the more a dance is attacked the more eager everybody seems to dance it. At the same time I am glad no one we know is here."

She had no sooner spoken the word than she gave a gasp and cried:

"There's Clara Mudridge-Smith and

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Fables of Everyday Folks.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.
THE HUMAN HOUSE FLY.

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A N old fable says: "There was once a bald man who sat down after work on a hot summer's day. A fly came up and kept buzzing about his bald pate and stinging him from time to time. The man aimed a blow at his little enemy, but—what?—his pain came on his head instead. Again the fly tormented him, but this time the man was wiser and said:

"I will only injure myself if I take notice of despicable enemies."

Once upon a time there was a woman. The woman liked to talk—ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE. In truth, she lived on talk.

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The Jarrs Meet an Old Friend Who Staggers Under a Topheavy Name

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Those two ladies observed the Jarrs and came gayly over.

"You mustn't tell on us," they said, "and we won't tell on you."

"Who?" I tell," asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I don't see any harm in it."

"Did you come here because Mr. Dinkston, who is known here, as 'The Great Plantagenet,' is the instructor?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Stryver. "We have heard of 'The Great Plantagenet,' but we have been instructed by 'The Noted Alphonse' at the Night Blooming Cereus Cabaret. Society women pay him a thousand dollars a lesson."

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Jarr. "In the first place, all the millionaires and society people ever I met wouldn't give two cents to see an earthquake. In the second place, there isn't a thousand dollars in real cash in the world. In the third place, if these dancers could get a dollar an hour, in real money, to teach anybody they wouldn't be dancing themselves to death here from 2 in the afternoon till daybreak and giving free lessons to women from Williamsburg besides."

"How you talk!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver herself knows a millionaires' wife who paid 'The Noted Alphonse' a thousand dollars an evening. Tell him who it was, Mrs. Stryver."

But Mrs. Stryver blinked her eyes and then said:

"But you know, my dear, she told me in confidence. She wouldn't want her husband to think she had been so extravagant. She told him she had lost the money at bridge. And so, really, you must excuse me."

And thus, with tea and tattle, tongues and bodies wagged the afternoon away at the cabaret. Yes, nearly everybody's doing it.

Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobbie

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MRS. PLANK says that the one who does the most explaining is usually the furthest wrong.

OLD FORT says that when he was a young man he always associated with evil characters so they would be benefited by his influence.

YOUR age should be reckoned from the years that are before you and not from the years that are behind you.

MISS PAPAUN says she never takes one man's advice on how to treat another man.

Chats With Great Men of the Civil War

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett

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30—M. C. BUTLER, General and Senator.

Not long after I came to Washington to live the cards of four old Confederate officers, friends of my father, were brought in to me. The last time I had had the pleasure of seeing these friends was at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, when my father with me and the picturesque old place was aglow with the brilliant life of the famous beauties and wits of the day.

"I have often thought, my dear madam," said the silver-tongued orator of Mississippi, Col. Charles Edward Hooker, "of our charming banquet at the glorious old White on the eve of your departure for Richmond. Your dear, illustrious husband was the only one of the eight gentlemen present to whom the Yankees had been generous and considerate enough to leave intact in his keeping his most graceful legs and arms. According to the courtesy to the combined care of a divine Providence and the loving prayers of his charming wife, he drank a clasp to the four missing legs that should have been under the table and the three empty sleeves above it."

"And I remember, Gen. Hooker," said I, "that you said you had nothing to regret so long as the Yankees had left your loving heart for Cupid's darts to aim at and the one arm which had learned the cunning of two."

"You would better say of a dozen or more," said Senator Butler, "and, you know," he continued, turning to me, "two of the most beloved guests of that mansion, both your own witty and brave soldier and that other prince of soldiers and heartbreakers, Gen. John B. Hood, are guests now at the Master's table, where that toast would still be beautiful and sublime."

"I remember the beautiful impromptu toast to those missing legs that should have been under the table and the empty sleeves above it. My soldier wrote it down for me and I will repeat it in his name, if I may."

"We shall be happy to hear it from the lips of one so close to the author," said Gen. Hampton.

The silence which followed my repetition of the toast was broken presently by Senator Butler, who remarked to Senator Hampton:

"Well, you remember our declining that our missing legs and arms helped us make good with the wife of President Hayes. They always reminded her of her hospital life, about which she loved to talk, and before my visit came to an end she always made me feel and believe that I would have owed the Yankees an everlasting debt of gratitude if they had left me only body enough to cover my soul. And she gave me credit for a very small soul at that, by the way. Gen. Hampton," he went on, "do you know that Col. Dahlgren's leg is buried in the Navy Yard here in Washington? As you ride past you can read the inscription. There lies the leg of Col. Ulrich Dahlgren, which was shot off at Hagerstown."

"Speaking of Mrs. Hayes and her hospital work," said I, "I know you liked her; I did. But did you like the President?"

"Like President Hayes?" returned Senator Butler. "Well, yes, madam, I liked him, but we were not chums exactly. You see, in the first place, Mr. Hayes hadn't the faintest sense of humor. He couldn't see a joke with a man, call exactly congenial. Again, he was rather too fond of water, which forced me to change off once in a while to 'The Bohemian Girl' or 'Martha' or John Anderson, my Jo John, or even to 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'"

"But, to be serious, he was sincere and kindly, always courteous, and brought into the White House the sweet simplicity of his village home in Ohio. He discharged the duties of the Presidency, as he saw them, with absolute integrity, and the South has much for which to be grateful to Mr. Hayes."

"Didn't he break up the carpet-bag rule in the South?"

"Yes, madam, and by maintaining the faith pledged by his friends in the Southern States was, your friends here, were seated in Congress."

Senator Butler was a senator in the Confederate Army. Upon the removal of his political disabilities by Congressional action he became Senator from South Carolina, where he had done strong service in defeating the Republican party of the State. He soon overcame the prejudices he encountered in the Senate and made personal friends of his political enemies.

How to Add 10 Years to Your Life

By J. A. Husik, M. D.

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The Common "Cold."

BY "a cold" people generally understand one of several common, every-day, mild diseases affecting either the nasal passages or the throat or the larger bronchial tubes, or perhaps all of these at the same time. Not one of them is a severe affliction by itself. Usually the one afflicted by the annoyance for a week or two till the disease has run its natural course and died its natural death. But in each of them there is the lurking danger of far graver trouble to the sufferer himself as well as to those who chance to come in contact with him. It is for this reason that these common, trivial diseases must be guarded against and prevented in order to raise the general standard of health and to prolong life.

The ordinary attack of nasal catarrh, or cold in the head, if frequently repeated, will not merely injure the delicate mucous membrane of the nose and destroy the sense of smell, but may, by direct extension from nose to throat and from throat through the eustachian tubes into the ears, result in impairment of hearing or total deafness, or even death.

Catarrhs and inflammations of the throat and tonsils are dangerous for all these reasons, as well as for the fact that such organs are in direct proximity to the opening that leads into the lungs.

These simple natural measures will keep you well, will minimize general disease and thus lead to longevity.

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